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## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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## THREE VISITS.

BY MISS EUGENIA DUNLAP POPE.

The day was warm and sunny. A few industrious and enterprising pioneers were seated on a log near the Wallace Cross-Roads, discussing their noonday luncheon and enjoying the object of their woodland excursions. Suddenly the sound of an advancing horse arrested their attention. Pausing and looking towards a primitive opening in the deep-tangled wilderness, they soon saw both horse and rider approaching, the latter looking about him as if a stranger to the country. He was among them in another moment, receiving their rough, but hearty greetings and manifesting genuine pleasure in his youthful countenance. Though not yet attained to full manhood the traveler's figure was tall and graceful, and his face, by no means handsome, wore a genial glow that added to the wonderful magnetism of his manner.

"You seem to be a stranger in these parts," asked one of the men, wiping his forehead with his red handkerchief.

"Yes," answered the traveler, "I am a few days out from home across the mountains yonder. Can you direct me to Lexington?"

"Easy, easy," replied his questioner. "It's a good spell from this, but there's a pretty good road after you leave these thickets. Sit down, sir; sit down and have a smoke with us. You must be hungry, and you won't find a tavern soon."

Thus urged the young stranger alighted himself on the cold cross-bench and, leaning back, he looked at the men and their horses with a will, while the talk veered around upon the business of the day.

"You see, we want to build a court-house hereabouts and have our lawing to ourselves," said the first speaker.

"We've about decided to plant the cornerstone at the Cross-roads a little way from this."

"It's a first-rate location," said another speaker; "there's good water all about it, and plenty of trees for good lumber."

"Nothing like making the right start," added a third voice.

They continued to discuss the plan they had formed for their future township, the stranger listening with a keen interest into all their projects.

"I have often tried," said he, "to look into the future of this grand section of country. To the day when the spirit of internal improvement shall have leveled the roads and converted the hidden wealth of the soil into a glorious medium of happiness and prosperity."

That the mental vision of our hardy settlers will rapidly develop, and civilization will prune down the rugged points of character, as the implements of the husbandman break up the clods.

Rapt visions illumined the young speaker's features with a glow of national pride, and he saw not the looks of intelligent curiosity that passed among his companions.

Then starting up, he said, "I must really be going. I've a long ride and the day is waning. I thank you heartily for your hospitality. I assure you it is as refreshing as it was unexpected."

They shook hands and the stranger mounted his horse which had been quietly grazing near by.

Catching up the reins he said, "One of these days I hope to visit your section again, and see the great results of which you are now making the small beginning. Farewell."

"One moment," said the man who had first greeted him, "might I ask your name, if it is not going too far?"

"Not at all, sir, not at all. My name is Henry Clay."

For a few minutes after the departure of the young stranger, the small knot of pioneers commented with admiring wonder upon his singularly fascinating address, and saying to each other, "That man will make his mark in the world; he proceeded to refresh themselves at Watty Dunn's cool spring, and then prepared to finish the survey."

Years after, the little town of Lancaster, Ky., was in a state of excitement such as only villages are liable to experience. It was the occasion of a school examination, and the citizens were all more or less interested in the result. At the appointed hour the house began rapidly filling and the classes were marshalled in due order to the recitation bench. Four o'clock had struck, and the examination was drawing to a close when one of the dignitaries of the town entered, accompanied by a tall, distinguished-looking stranger, whose presence at once inspired the children with a certain amount of awe. It was soon whispered about the diminutive hall that the great statesman, Henry Clay, was

among them; but the exercises went on in regular order.

When the time came for making poetical recitations the children exhibited marked signs of embarrassment; but one by one they acquitted themselves creditably of the task assigned.

At length a little blue-eyed, sunny-haired child ascended the log platform and recited, "The Old Oak-ten Bucket," with a wonderful degree of pathos, so accurate was her enunciation, so impressive the varying cadences of her sweet voice.

"Who is it?" inquired the great man when the storm of applause that greeted the recitation had somewhat subsided.

"We call her Daisy of the Glen," replied his companion. "She is a prodigy for her years. Her history is a little singular. She was found not far from here in a wild glen, or ravine, when only three years old, and has never been able to tell who or where her parents were. But I will relate the circumstances to you another time. At present the school committee are pressing in their invitation to have you say something to the children."

Thus adjured the grandest orator of his day arose and addressed a few remarks in simple language to his youthful audience. He told them of the day when he had incidentally come upon the pioneer council in the forest near their present attractive village and encouraged them to cultivate their own minds as their forefathers had improved the once dark and dangerous wilderness. Great men and intelligent women had already sprung from their young city, and many a glorious achievement of pen, of sword and of speech had rendered forever famous the place whose birth he had unwittingly learned.

When he ceased speaking he had implanted many a germ of honest ambition in the hearts of the little men and women whose future influence was to wield power for good or ill.

That night he learned further particulars concerning the wee, winsome Daisy of the Glen whose appearance and address had so charmed his fancy. She was evidently a stolen child. Her dress, when she was discovered by a hunter, was fine, and her whole appearance indicative of an easy sphere of life. It was supposed that a band of Gypsies had snatched her away while carelessly straying too far from her home, but nothing definite was known. Mrs. Templeton, a kind, motherly woman, without children, had cheerfully given the little stranger shelter, and had in time grown so fond of her that she could not bear the thought of parting. Hence, after the first unsuccessful effort, no further attempt had been made to discover the parents of the little Daisy. She called herself Daisy, in her lapsing fashion, and her lovely disposition had won for her the poetical title of Daisy of the Glen.

Mr. Clay listened earnestly, and when about to leave, deposited with his friend a sum of money sufficient to defray the educational expenses of the little stranger.

Ten years later two figures sat in earnest conversation on the verdant cliff of a romantic ravine in Garrard county.

The one, a young girl of remarkable fair exterior, turned in an animated manner to impress some assertion upon her companion. The other, a youth so exceedingly handsome in face and figure, so lithe of person, and eloquent in words that no girl of eighteen could long resist his attractions.

"Indeed, Royce, I know it must be he and no other. He made an impression upon my memory when a little child of eight years, that can never be effaced. Who else would be so likely to interest himself in my fate?"

"Indeed, Daisy," he echoed, "who is disposed to doubt the truth of your surmises? You are probably correct; yet, on the other hand, what proof have you that Mr. Clay is your unknown benefactor?"

"None at all except the fact that he honored me so far on that memorable visit to the school, as to inquire all about me. More than that he came to the house and asked me a number of questions about my infancy. Poor mamma, always thought the money came from him, and almost her last injunction to me, was to hold him in profound veneration so long as I live."

"And it was here they found my little wanderer," fondly exclaimed Royce Howard. "I should never, probably, have known true happiness in a love of this kind but for the unlucky vagabond who stole my Daisy."

The young girl's face clouded for a moment.

"Are you willing, Royce, to take me with this mystery hanging over me? If there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed, how do we know at what

moment some revelation may come upon us that will dash our hopes to the earth?"

"Never, never," impetuously replied the young man, "nature can not so belie herself as to make a blot or stain possible to her fairest creation."

Blushing beneath his admiring gaze and thrilling with pleasure at his words, Daisy proceeded to repeat all that she had ever remembered of her home and parents. A large house, a doll as big as herself, and a tender face bending above her, comprised her store of reminiscences. Since the death of her mother she had remained with friends, and was soon to be united in marriage to Royce Howard, a rising young lawyer, reared in Lexington, and established at Lancaster only a few months.

Talking confidently of their promised happiness the pair lingered among the sylvan shades of the romantic spot till the waning sunlight bent their steps homeward.

Next day was the regular County Court day in the village. The public square was crowded with chiefs, stock and countrymen whose chief pleasure was to mix in motley crowds, and whose highest ambition was apparently to participate in an uproar of some kind. On such occasions the killing of a fellow-creature seemed indeed a trifling light as air. At a conspicuous corner of Danville street, stood the house where Daisy Templeton had found a temporary home. A number of ladies, wives of the Judge and various lawyers, had assembled here to dine, a custom prevalent at that day upon public occasions. These ladies were deeply engrossed in cheerful conversation, when suddenly the crowd on the square began surging and clamoring as though all the turbulence of an angry sea had been turned loose upon a peaceful plain.

Shouts rose higher and higher till at last a pistol shot resounded, and the group that had crowded to the front windows plainly distinguished the cry, "The Judge is killed! Jim Burns has killed Judge Pierce!"—and the mob rushed towards the mouth of Danville street in pursuit of the desperado, a noted character of the section.

Quickly leaving the parlor and closing the door behind her, Daisy reached the side door, opening on Danville street, and flung it to just as a man, pale and terrified, darted in almost throwing her to the floor. "Save me!" was all he could ejaculate.

"Up there," she hurriedly exclaimed, pointing up the stairway towards the attic, and slamming the door against the mob who were pressing upon the steps, she turned the key and stood, awaiting she knew not what. All this was the work of a moment, and the ladies in the parlor were too intent upon their watch to know that so important a scene was being enacted just behind them.

Meanwhile as Daisy stood, silent and alone in the little passage, her heart beating from surprise and excitement, the crowd outside beat upon the door and clamored for Jim Burns. At this moment Stanley Livingston, a young man of the house, appeared from a bed-room in the rear where he had been administering a dose of sleep to a severe headache, and asked with more emphasis than grace, "What the d—'s broke loose?"

"Oh, Stanley," exclaimed Daisy, much relieved, "they are after Jim Burns and are determined to get him here. They think he's here. They say he has killed Judge Pierce."

"Let me settle them," said Stanley; and opening the door he assured the excited men that Jim Burns was not there, that he would certainly have seen the man if he had entered.

Incredulous but irresistibly impressed by his earnest words, they retired to the opposite side of the street to watch for their prey who, they convinced themselves, had darted through the house and concealed himself about the premises too quickly to be detected by the inmates. That the man had gone in at that door some of them knew beyond question.

As Stanley closed the door, Daisy observed a large stain of blood on her white dress, and dared not re-enter the parlor with the tell-tale sign.

Hurrying up the stairs, she hastily caught up a basin of water and a roll of linen and proceeded up the attic where the man was leaning against a box tightly clasping his hand.

"You are wounded somewhere," she said.

"Yes—in the hand," he faintly replied. "He shot me."

"Who?" asked the girl.

"The Judge," said Burns, sulkily. "Then you didn't kill him?"

"Kill him! I wish I had."

Going to a back window, Daisy signed to a servant to come up, but when there the frightened creature refused to touch the bloody hand. So Daisy proceeded to dress the wound,

all the while talking kindly and warningly to the man who stared at her with something like shame on his face. As she started to leave him a stone sped its way swiftly through the window and fell at her feet.

"You see," said she, "your life is not safe a moment where you are. They believe that you are here. Remain perfectly quiet till midnight and then go home a wiser and better man."

"God bless you, miss," said the man, "I have wronged many—and you more than all, but if I live I'll make some things right."

Wondering at his words, Daisy left him and rejoined her friends after a brief absence which was destined to bear rich fruits to her orphaned heart.

That night, at dusk the man left the door, called for Daisy, and hurriedly placing a package in her hand, abruptly thrust away ere she could speak, or fully comprehend his actions. Mounting his horse, he rode away in a fierce gallop, and again Daisy closed the door upon this threat of her romantic destiny.

On opening the package she found a coral necklace and a small, unobtrusively-embossed letter. The initials on the jewelry were R. L. G. The letter told her that he, the desperate and out-lawed writer, had been long years ago with a band of reckless men some years before and had stolen her away from her beautiful home in Louisville, thinking to obtain a reward by restoring her. While passing through Garrard county he, the man, to whose care she had been confided, had lagged behind, intent upon a bottle of whisky, and when he recovered his senses the child was gone. Fearing that she had met her death, he fled the country for some years, and after his return he had never had the courage to confess his crime. Her parents were named Le Grange and he now knew nothing of them.

New Year's Eve comes in cold and a deep snow is upon the earth. A wedding party at the corner house on Danville street is the event of the evening. Royce Howard and Daisy Le Grange have just been united in wedlock and the house is crowded with guests. Just before supper a new arrival startles and astonishes the company. Henry Clay, grown grey with years and honors, is among them, never having lost sight of his protegee. After congratulating the bride he had her come with him to another apartment, and when she had wonderfully obeyed, he proudly presented her to a handsome lady richly dressed in mourning. "It is she! it is she indeed," exclaimed the lady, "my own little Ray, my Daisy!" and the mother clasped her new-found darling to her breast in uncontrollable agitation.

"This is my bridal present, my dear," said the statesman, after much had been told and Royce admitted to the group. "Since your letter of inquiry to me I have never rested in my search for your parents. Your father is no more, but this boon is greater than any other. Receive her with my blessing. Three times have I passed through your town. Always has it held a warm place in my heart. May every succeeding twelve months bring to you as happy a New Year as this."

LADIES RAISING THEIR HATS—Olive Logan wrote: "It is really the fact that jaunty English girls are now raising the hat, by way of acknowledging a bow, the same as the gentlemen do. The hat used is the little round Oxford, which looks well enough on top of a pretty young face, but a powerfully hard-looking affair on the poll of a woman who ranks in that large and increasing army of the 'has beens.'"

It is the Eastern Free Press which throws a great and familiar truth into this enticing form: "It is now that the seductive and mysterious mince-pie leathard a man into temptation, and at night praecech through his dreams in the form of a pea green goblin with a molten brass cold in his head and red eyes, mounted on a bull mule with cast-iron hoofs that weigh a ton apiece."

The latest performance in London, and one which draws a salary of \$500 per week, is the startling feat of Zagel, a young girl, who dives through the air and lands in a net ninety feet below. She drops head first, but gently and gracefully swerves in her right until at last she strikes on her back in the net and arises unharmed.

An old Baltimore negro, who had emigrated to Liberia years ago, ordered a quantity of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup a short time ago, stating that although coughs and colds were not frequent in Africa, he would not like to be without it in his family.

Utah in Texas. The Commissioner of Agriculture has reported favorably on samples of guano from caves in Texas, inhabited by bats. He reports the material as worth from \$15 to \$80 per ton, and compares favorably with fish guano for fertilizing purposes. There are several caves containing such deposits in Texas, and the estimated amount of guano is very great—perhaps 15,000 to 20,000 tons to a single cave. As to the bats, they are simply innumerable. A traveler, who accompanied Gen. Ord in a recent visit to a cave near the little town of Selma, computed the bats there at not less than 30,000,000. It is an unexplained mystery how such numbers sustain their collective weight when clinging to the roofs of the caves. When the bats issue forth they darken the air as if a great volume of smoke was pouring out from the opening.

NOT A DESIRABLE HABIT.—Benj. Le Fajon, the author, who married Jo Jefferson's daughter, has at least one habit that must be very undesirable in a husband and very annoying to a wife. He falls in love with his heroines; he gets intensely wrought up in his books, and it is related that he fell in love with his heroine while he was engaged on "Joanna Marvel," and when she died, which became necessary in the finale of the story, as he finished the sentence he fainted away, and remained unconscious for an hour. When he awakened it was with the wife addressed to a brother who was standing beside him. "I loved her."

When a bashful young man undertakes to carve a turkey at a table where there are several strange young ladies, it is only a question of time—and a very short time at that—when he gets a leg of the fowl in his lap, and which of the guests receives a dab of "stuffing" in the eye. [Norristown Herald.]

A St. Louis widow has had three husbands. She has on hand a lawsuit to break the will of the first, an action to recover the insurance money on the life of the second, and a third of course her net are out for No. 4, or a breach of promise suit.

Twenty thousand oil wells have been sunk in Pennsylvania and Virginia at an aggregate cost of \$193,000,000. The yield has reached 80,000,000 barrels, valued at the wells at \$300,000,000, or \$400,000,000 at the seaboard.

A young gentleman of Kilkenny, meeting a handsome milk-maid near the parade, said: "What will you take for yourself and your milk my dear?" The girl instantly replied: "Yourself and a gold ring, sir."

The cold world little realizes the sense of desolation that shuts down on a man who thinks he has been handled too much change by his grocer when he dodges around the corner and finds it right to a cent.

To PUMPY WATER.—Sprinkle a little powdered alum in the water, and in a few hours all impurities will be precipitated to the bottom, leaving the water clear and pure as spring water.

During a thunderstorm two dogs that howled diabolically at night were struck by lightning and killed. Howling dogs should cut this out and paste it in their hats. [Norristown Herald.]

A cloth made from the down of birds is coming greatly into favor in Paris. It is water-proof, and estimated to be five times lighter and three times warmer than wool.

The manufacture of corsets has become so perfected that hugging a girl is about as satisfactory as squeezing a parlor stove, we have been told. [Danbury News.]

A pretty Wisconsin school marm, to encourage promptness, promised to kiss the first scholar at school, and the big boys took to roosting on the fence all night.

A new bracelet has a tiny music box concealed in the clasp. The beauty of the thing is that a fellow has to have it pretty close to his ear in order to hear it.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

When the snow is up to your knees, love, and the wind is from the West, we will hug and shiver together. O! darling, pull down your veil.

Billings says: "There is no man who needs so much watching as the one who is all the time watching some one else."

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